

Pedro The Lion "The Fleecing"

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Deep green hills whose shoulders fade, into the gray
tall wet grass.

Whose flesh makes fools of grazing sheep, whose
fleecing makes a fool of me.

And who shall I blame for this sweet and heavy trouble?
For every stupid struggle?

I don't know.

I could buy you a drink.

I could tell you all about it.

I could tell you why I doubt it, and why I still believe.

But I can't say it like I sing it.

And I can't sing it like I think it.

And I can't think it like I feel it.

And I don't feel a thing.

Oh no - I don't feel a thing.

And who shall I blame for this sweet and heavy trouble?
For every stupid struggle?

I don't know.

I could buy you a drink.

I could tell you all about it.

I could tell you why I doubt it, and why I still believe it.

And why I need it.

And what the pharases don't see.

And we'd have more drinks. We'd speak of so many
things.

But I don't know you, and you don't know me.

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